THE PACIFIC COAST.

A MEMPHIAN'S TRAVELS IN CAL-IFORNIA.

Points of Interest at San Francisco -A Visit to Chinatown-Monterey and Los Angeles.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE APPRAL. MONTEREY, CAL., August 14.—More than 2110 miles from Memphis, on the rocky shore of the blue Pacific ocean. But the love of home is innate in most hearts, and mine turns in that direc tion today, this beautiful, perfect day in "God's country," as the residents of California term it. The air as cool of California term it. The air as cool and invigorating as that of an October day at home, and the sun almost as bright and warm as in May. We felt fully repaid for our long railway journes of five nights and days on reaching such a climate as this. Through the fertile farms and prairies of Missouri and Kansas, plains and peaks of Colorado, tandy, arid deserts and barren, rocky hills of New Mexico and Arisans to the error vineyards, grange Arizons to the green vineyards, orange groves and white sands hills of South ern California, where some time was San Diego and vicinity, thence by rail to San F. aucisco. But "the garden spot"—an earthly paradise, truly—was reached later on our arrival at the Hotel del Monte, near Monterey, on the Pacific coast, 125 miles from San Francisco, It would require the skill of a much more practical pen to ade-quately describe the beauty of this charming place. While writing I am seated in the park which surrounds the hotel, both owned by the Pacific Coast Improvement Company. The extent of their property in this vicinity is 7000 acres, 200 of which compose the park, and all under the most perfeet cultivation—green valvet sward, tall pines, livecaks, flowers in profusion, and smooth drives, all combining to make it resemble more a dream of the imagination than a reality. Landscape gardening is carried to perfection in California. The flower beds meem more like exquisite embroidery than anything else I can compare them. than anything else I can compare them to, so varied and extensive are their designs. "The Arzma Gardens" (a portion of the grounds) is a labyrinth portion of the grounds) is a labyrinth of beds containing every known variety of cactii, palms, orchids and mosses. Here all flowers seem to bloom at all times—passies and dablias, side by side with the calla lilly, etc., as in Le Angeles we eppyed strawberries (their second crop), raspherries and bischberries, all in season together. How it astonished us then, also, to see the gerapiums, heliotropes and fuschiss grow to such hight, fre-

and fuschias grow to such hight, fre-quently peeping in at the second story windows. In connection with Monterey I must not fail to mention the famous eighteen-mile drive, built by famous eighteen-mile drive, built by the above mentioned company. It extends for that distance (eighteen miles) through a most varied and beautiful country, embracing at first a pine grove, then several miles along the seashore, past Seal Rick, Lobos and Cypress Points, where the seens is wild and beautiful, of a sail ou the blue waters a habitation on the rocky shore, introduced a mountain (where in me places the drive is hewn out of ild rock), down the valley, back to be Hotel del Moute (Spanish for "In the Grove"), the pastals of which open to one as a "haven of rest" or recreation, as one desires—the units mountain contains the co tion, as one desires—the quiet, good fare, etc., being conducive to one, and billiard and ball rooms, three lawn tennis courts, two bowling alleys, etc.,

tennis courts, two bowling alleys, etc., to the other.

Our stay in San Francisco was rendered most agreeable by the delightful weather, occasionally a little too cool, and the many points of interest that we visited, all of which are most accessible, as cable cars run with perfect system in all directions. One of the in most note worthy places is Golden Gate at Park, comprising in all 1000 acres, of where one sees sgain the fine landingspe gardening, also a magnificent conservatory filled with the rarest of soft-plants.

conservatory filled with the rarest of laints.

I think, however, what we all enjoyed seeing most was Chinatown. There are 60,000 Chinese in San Francisco, 15,000 of whom are employed as servauts. The remainder dwell in a locality composed of about fifty blocks, namely, Chinatown. We went through at night, having previously engaged a detective as guide. Our first visit was to their theater, where we were seated upon the stage, this we were seated upon the stage, this affording us a good view of both actors and audience. The latter appeared intensely interested. The women, not being allowed to sit with the men, were all huddled together in a small belcony. As they are not allowed to set, either, men take the female parts, attired as women. The strange jargon (to us) they talked was accom-panied all the time by shrill peculiar sounds (I cannot call them music) made by the musicians, who all sat upon the stage. The scenery never varied, though the costumes were citen changed. Their acting and ges-tures were expressive, if not impress-ive. Their plays are sometimes conive. Their plays are sometimes continued for six months or more; each night they begin where they left off the night previous. On leaving bere we were conducted to their "Josa House" (place of worship), which is rather difficult of accurate description, with the idol on a high altar, surgounded by arches and pillars of carved and gilded wood, and ornaments of ivery, brass, silver, etc. We were also shown some of their dwell-dang houses, at the doors and in the ing houses, at the doors and in the beriese little sticks of wood, at aw and wax to keep away the evil spirits. They utilize every particle of space, rutting up what we consider an ordinary sized room into eight or tee, with see narrow that one pers arcely traverse them without turning deways. In many of these close, mail rooms (or rather closets) are heir opium dens. In one building, nd not a large one, there live 2000 hiscso. This building was formerly he Globe Hotel, the oldest hotel in story into two, consequently, h it only appears three stories it is in reality six. One man smally rent a whole building, usually rent a who other mer

o in turn will rent a bunk or bed aced like shelves around the wall,

above the other) to as many others as he wisher. If it chances to be spium den he will sell them so to opium for "two bit," and they recline on these hard bunks and in the hours away. A glimpse of aging here were about twenty-five or thirty names were all engaged in a game

amen were all engaged in a game of with something resembling noes. They appeared eagerly in-

hout as many more spectators.

ugh very orderly, as were

nmused to see women partaking of a peculiar od. One dish would be the center of each table.

help themselves from it, using the chop sticks with sgility and greediness. The restaurant was most handsomely fitted up with rare and artistic Chinese and Japanese goods. Thus ended our visit to Chinatown, themselves to the contemporary than the contemporary than

Thus ended our visit to Chinatown, though true to our feminine instincts, we returned next day to see the stores and shope, containing a great variety of beautiful Chinese goods.

It will be with lingering steps that we leave this land of flowers, fruit and balmy air. But this we will have to do, and auticipate a pleasant trip homeward, via the Denver and Rio Grande road, expecting to stop at Salt Lake City, Lake Tahos, Denver and Manitou Springs.

B. M. C.

ANGLIFYING SOOTLAND.

An Insensible Revolution of a Sc

eial Character in Progress. Since the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland a slow, peaceful, and at the same time almost incensible revolution of a social character has been in progress, says the London Standard. In thirty years the Scotch have become less Scotch and though possibly come less Scotch, and though possibly their ingenium perfervidium might rebel at the suggestion, more English. Rail-roads, quick posts and telegraphs have affected them as they have affected all other people equally sensible. Edin-burgh is no longer a capital, with the prejudices and the society of a capital. Its beauty still makes it a favorite place of residence, while its university, law courts and other national institutions attract to it men of distinction and culture such as no manufacturing town of twice its size can bosst. But beyond its official folks, or those engaged in its staple industry—which is education—the "gray metropolis of the North" does not long retain its men of mark. They follow the injunction of the Aberdonian who, as his only legacy, charged his con "aye be keepin sooth." They are always keeping south. The painter whose canvases are beginning to be talked of soon sets up his easel in Melhury and a Fitup his easel in Melbury road or Fitz-john's avenue. The forensic genius seeks his fortune at the English bar; the literateur tries a wider field than George street or the South bridge; and the publishers have, with a few exceptions, followed the authors, most of them now having their principal establishments in "the Row." cipal establishments in "the Rw."
An actor, it is one of the greenroom traditions, is never certain of his place on the stage until he has received the imprimatur of an Edinburgh audience. But once

of an Edinburgh audience. But once this certificate of merit is granted it is speedily transferred to London. The Schish dialect is less and less heard in polite circles, and an Edinburgh parent of the newer regime alms at his child acquiring a "good English accent." The Scottish universities are prosperous enough, but the aristocracy have long ceased to send their sons to the national seats of learning. Even the professors, with a state which need not be criticised, will sometimes select Oxford or Cambridge for their sons, while an English degree or an English academical reputation will, in the candidature for a chair or the head mestership of a school, far outweigh any tership of a school, far outweigh any similar distinction of a native order. As for the kilt—in which it is a conven-As for the kilt—in which it is a convention for a caricaturist always to array the typical Scot—except it may happen to be on an English tourist bound for Inverness, such a garment is never seen in the streets of Edinburgh. The auglification of the nation is sometimes lamented, more often stigmatized as—a form of provincial snobbery. In reality it is inevitable. The bery. In reality it is inevitable smaller nation must always be affected by the larger one, and all things con-sidered, the Scotch may well forget Flodden, and blees the day when their

EXPECTATION.

'nationalism" was crushed on Cullo-

Between the sunset and the sun flight slumbers on the sleeping bars, And through its curt in, one by ens, Gleam tender glances of the stars Between the sunset and the sun.

And so between my love's lips lies An untold message meant for me; Whather 'twill bring me sweet surprise Ordole or doubt or Paradise Is known only to destiny.

Yet, as I wait, a dream of tears
Between her eyelids and her eyes,
A mystery of mist appears.
That hints of hope and flatters feare;
And on her lips a burst of sighs,
And on her lids a red that dies
To siumberous shadows that fall and rise,
Till, as I seek some sign to see,
Between her eyelids and her eyes
Love lights his lamp and laughs at me,
France Howard Willeams in Heston Transcript.

A Summer Swindle. "Do you send your wife and children to the country in the summer?" nquired a man of a friend, "Of course."

"And do you have any fun after they're gone?"
"Well, I should say so."

"Well, I should say so."
"Well, I'll tell you. Before my wife
goes away I tell her to get all her bills
toge her, and I give her money to settle them. Now, just as soon as she is
fairly out of the city my milkman or my iceman or some other tradesman sends me in a bill for goods furnished sends me in a bill for goods lurnished about three months ago. He knows it is probable that I don't know whether the bill was paid or not, or that I cannot find the receip'. Then he calls at the house about 3 o'clock in the afternoon for his money. The

servant girl tells him that
I am at home only from
8:30 until 10 a.m. and at dinner time. Next day he calls again at
11:30 o'clock a.m., and of course I am
not at home. He does that about four days. Then he puts his bill in the hands of a collecting sgency, and I get a letter informing me that if I don't yay the bill within three or four days I shall be sued. If I can't find a receipt for the bill of course I have to pay it. That is to say, I did

until recently."
"What do you do now?"
"I write a letter to the collection people and tell them I am tired of being swindled, and they may sue me and be—boycotted. This thing happens to me every summer, and it is

pens to me every summer, and it is played out."
"And the moral is?"
"Paste all your receipts in a book, and then when the collection fiend sum you go into court and stick him for the costs."—New York Times.

ILL STARBED.

Oh! prayers and sympathetic tenrs
For each and every! I starred night,
For whom ring ne victorious cheers;
For those, who early in the fight,
Baw daylight turning into night
And yielded up to Fale their spears. The dented shield, the pierced cuirass,
Sad story is it that they tell
Of brave young knights whose hopes, alas!
Bore measure fruit, who lighting fell
Before the foes they could not quell;
Who found no wine within the glass.

For some there are but ill equipped
To face the world; some weak of will
And some faint hearted, feeble lipped,
Fit but the lowest posts to fill,
Soon shivering with the coward's chill,
And of the armur "courage stripped. On we 'gainst whom the fates are set,
E'en though you've tailed on every field
To gain fair honor's banneret,
Let high above be held each shield,
Each one with purpose strong annealed,
And each shall win a victory yet.

THE ZOARITES.

A QUEER RELIGIOUS SECT IN

Something About Their Manners and Castoms -The Origin of the Colony.

Eds Wilhelmi McLean, M. D., in Boston Courier: This little colony of Zoar has from 200 to 400 people, and

in no way resembles any other sect known in the United S ates.

Their village is situated in a beautiful valley of Tuscarawas county, Ohio.

For miles their fattile high lands and and low lands stretch out before you as you pa seither by rail or carriage, and by the luxuriant verdure of foliage and rich green fields are easily dis-tinguishable from the less highly cul-tivated land of individual proprietors. No fences mark the boundaries of

their farms; here and there a clump of trees marks the site of some iso ated house, not more than two of these, probably, to be found on all their land. They follow the old German custom, live together in a village and go from there in numbers to their work in the morning and return at night.

Religious persecution compelled them to leave Wurtembirg, Germany, in 1817, to find a free home in America. Joseph Blemler, a teacher and re-ligious enthusiast, headed this little colony and brought them to this country. They landed at Philadelphia, Pa. He bought them, from Quakersin that city on long credit in 1818, 5500 acres of the land they now own, of which they took possession in midwinter. They were almost destitute of money, farming uteneils, food and the necessaries of life. The land was covered by formal the land was covered by the land was covered b ests; no settlements were near and the country abounded in animals of

Bark huts and log shantles were built and afforded their only shelter. The hardships of poverty, cold and hunger were endured. Cutting their way through beavy timber, grubbing up the underbrush, breaking the ground and c'esning off the stones to make a fitting soil for the cultivation of the corn and potatoes which formed the chief articles of diet.

Instead of the church going bell in-viting to the house of God on Sundays viting to the house of God on Sandays the sound of the trusty rifls was head reverberating among the hills Venison and game, which were abundant, were stored for the coming week. The building of the Onio canal gave them work and means to pay for their lands; they took a section and all hands labored upon it women included. This bored upon it, women included. This bored upon it, women included. This was their beginning; they now own many thousand scree of the richest and best land in the country, and are worth several millions of dollars. They invest their money in government bonds, and are large holders of bank and railway receks. They live together in a small but substantial and comfortable village, whose red tiled roots and church spire hiding in the organ bress prest you from a dis-

the green trees greet you from a distance with such friendliness that y u dream of the "fatherland."

The Wirthehaus was built soon after the first winter, and was open to travelers straying that way. Mins in the kitchen as cook and "Frau Winkuin" acon had a reputation for an excellent dinner, and for many years to go to Zoar for one of Mina's "dinners" was considered a rare treat by those who had lived even so far as 100 miles

In 1832 the Wirthsbaus was rebuilt Their church is of red brick, without architectural beauty, either outside or in, and its only ornament is a very large and handsome pipe organ.

They are a people very fond of music, and have several of the very

best modern plance and other instru-ments in their various homes and in the Wirthshaus. One of the greatest delights to me when a child was to be taken to the house of "Alferi Fritz," the cabinet maker, and be shown the little old piane that he had himself made. He would play for me "Bound-ing Billows," and the music and songs of his folk lore by the hour, and then carefully, as if he loved it dearly, show me his work of art, or rather, as he called it, his "weibchen"—little

Blemler used to preach to the Zoar-ites every Sunday. One of the thoughtful memoers, after these Sun-day preachings, went home and care-fully wrote down these sayings of

Blemler as he remembered them.

After Blemler's death they were gathered together and printed, and are now read from the pulpit every Sun-day by a little white-haired old man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a red bandana handkerder which he uses

vigorously at every period.

Their dead are buried without the least osientation. The body is put into a rough box covered with swaw, and at night is lowered into the grave, the relatives and friends never asking

nor knowing where. They mourn in silence and without any outward sign. In a large white building opposite the Wintbabaus, called the "store," lives old Barbars, her face all seamed and wrinkled with care and age, her white hair combed straight back from her face, and a little tight fitting white cap tied under the chin. She comes to greet you, knitting in hand, as you enter. This building is devoted to the storing of the quaint and curious articles, many of them manufactured by the villagers in the old German

canner. titled to his share of the goods, every-thing being owned in common; but should any one leave, which is always optional, he goes without anything.

Any one may join; none are obliged to stay. He who would join binds himself for one year; if disastrafied, he leaves, taking what he brought with him; if contented a second year. him; if contented, a second year passes. He becomes a member, but is

passes. He becomes a member, but is allowed no vote.

At the beginning of the third year be signs his property, if he has any, to the society, but if he then leaves he takes nothing with him.

For many reasons they prefer poor people to jo n them, as they are more certain to remain.

All yets the young men at 21, the

peop'e to jo'n them, as they are more certain to remain.

All vote, the young men at 21, the young women at 18. At these ages they sign the constitution of the society. Originally their leader governed them; a large house was built for him and he was their law giver. He died, and in his place a successor was appointed, but at the same time three trustees were elected who held office as long as trustworthy, which in each case so far has been a life time.

As ear y as 1821 a grist mill was built, and a race constructed to it. This old mill, now no longer in usa, is a picturesque place covered by English ivy, with the gray mould lying on the old stone wall, the boken mill wheel covered by green lichens and mosses, and the limpid water rippling over the stones losing itself in the woods close by; the red tiled roof with its stiff wooden weather cock flying on top, make one feel as if suddenly tracepasted into one of the mill regions of the Black forests. anted into one of the mill regions of

the Black forests.

now in use, and is built further down

now in use, and is built further down the stream.

A woolen factory, where the wool from their sheep is made into homespun, yarn, blankets and flaunels, and linen also woven for personal and household uses, is still in vogue. A striking peculiarity to an American is the entire absence of any cotton fabrics; everything that can be is made of pure white linen. A planing mill, foundry and furnace, all were built and are now in use. One of the finest foundry and furnace, all were built and are now in use. One of the finest herds of Durham cows, sleek, fat and shining, being from 150 to 200, can be seen every morning and evening, driven by the Kuh-hist and his dog back and forth from the postures to their large barns. These cows have always seemed to me to be remarkably intelligent; each cow knows her own

intelligent; each cow knows her own stall, and quietly goes along until she comes to it, turns in and s ays there until the milking is over.

Here you see the veritable milkmaid. All the young girls in the village go to milk; their dresses are tucked into the belt, the white sleeves of the linen chemise, which comes high up to the throat, are rolled up over the arm, a bucket of rich foaming milk is balanced on the head, and with one arm akimbo and hand on hip, the other steadying the bucket, they so to the steadying the bucket, they go to the milkhouse to empty the milk into a huge tank, when as much as is needed is distributed to the villagers and the remainder made into butter and a peculiar kind of cherse. This milking of the cows is considered by visitors who go to stay during the summer months

the most en ertaining sight there.

Constance Fenimore Woolson, the lovelist, used to frequent this little village every summer. She had a bathhouse built on the mill race, and the Z ar people tell me that she would sit on the steps the whole day long, with the water running over her, while she read and wrote. She wrote several shortstories about the Zoarites, and one of them fell into their bands; it contained some misrepresentations, which angered them, and she was never tolerated there afterwards. Women and girls work in the fields during harvest time. A nursery was in vogue until recently, where all young children and babies were sent and taken care of by the colored women, who were incapacitated for

But now hard labor is not necessary for the women, and they devote more time to their families and homes. One bakery and laundry answers for all; they bake only the unleaven bread.

The small honey cakes that are rarely given to strangers I have through special kindness been often allowed to eat, and I can wouch for

allowed to eat, and I can vouch for their deliciousness.

A brewery, and large garden of two acres, where only flowers and orgamental shrubbery are grown, with a conservatory attached, filled with rere and brantiful plants, completes the list of interesting objects.

The gardeger, Simon Bieler, and his

wife, Mary, are two important people. Mary is the midwife, the old doctor being dead. She, scientifielly instructed, ushers into existence the baby members of the society. The gardener is at the same time school teacher and Justice of the Peace, and an extremely, pleasant and well edu-

But time beg'ns to modernize these people; the change is very marked since a few years; railroads are passing through their village and lands, bringing more of the stir and bustle of the outside world than has ever been there, and the original enthusiacts are dying off and aging, and the younger members bring innovations never dreamed of by their eiders.

The most marked change is in their The most marked change is in their mode of diess. The youngest members no longer dress either themselves or their little children in the "quaint street garb of yore"; but instead, the furbelow and the flounce holds sway. If "old Mins," the cook, who has been dead and gone "this many a year," could turn back and look into the Wirthshaus kitchen of today, and see the old tilestoves gone, and in their

see the old tile stoves gone, and in their place, large modern ranges, I think her sweet, old face would wear a puzzled look.

Their religion, as near as I can get it, is this: Their first leader, Biemler, founded his belief in the simplicity, purity and celibacy of Jesus Christ. This ne gave to his followers as their

law.

There was no marriage for the first There was no marriage for the first five years of his reign, but finding that the laws of nature are compulsory laws, that little crying waifs were found in all sorts of places, and that the society would in all probability come to an untimely end, he passed a decree that each man should take unto himself a wife, which is followed to this day, making them a moral, honest, simple people and a rich and thriving community.

Time will, no doubt, wipe out the sect, as many of the present genera-

sect, as many of the present genera-tion leave to go to the neighboring cities, seeking for themselves other homes.

NO PERFECT WORK BUT GOD'S. "I will build," said the architect, "man-

sions more fair.
Marbie columned, and stately and grand.
Mammoth domed, perfection base, turret And the winds the fame of the builder To the attermost parts of the land."

"I will paint," said the artist, "a picture sublime. Rainbow tinted and wonderfully quaint; The world shall bow down to this picture of

mine,
For I'll dip my brush in the river of time,
And the lights of eternity paint." 'I will write," said the post, "a beautiful

In the giers and strength of my might.
I will liberate truth. The shackles of wrong Shall be broken, and sin, red handed and strong.
Shail be slain by the words I shall write."
Neath the broad dome of Heaven's encircing blue.
Sculptured columns, reared stately and

And the architect smiled as the palses grew. But the *nger of Time pierced those solumna-through. While the mountains, God's buildings, stood fast,

The picture lacked something which glowed on the breast
Of the sen when the sunset unrolled.
The best of the poem was layer expressed.
Man's granifest sehievement is dross at the best.

Compared with Gad's labor of sold.

- Rose Hartroick Thorpe in Literary Life. Must Have Home Comforts Life: Stranger—I see ye advertise board with home comforts? Landlord—Yes, sir, Stranger—Any shoeters 'boat the

"OLD IRONSIDES."

A GLIMPSE AT MES. PARNELL'S PATRIMONY.

Its Wealth of Ancient Relies-Famfly Tokens of the Irish Leader's Boyhood.

New York Star: Rumor has it that the Tory element in Bordentown, N. J., has begur a local campaign against the home "le issue by a series of at-tempts a rapine and pillage upon the "O'd Ironeides" homestead, the patri-mony of Mrs. Della Farnell, which has been identified with the cause of Ironand for a quarter of a century

Piscards, on which the came of Ireland for a quarter of a century.

Piscards, on which the following legend is printed in type bold enough to chill the blood of every villain and outlaw in New Jersey ornament trees, rocks and store windows in and around the hill ten towns of Rendertown N the hill top towns of Bordentown, N.

Twenty dollars reward offered for the detection of the villains who, on the nights of August 15th and 16th, destroyed fences and barricaded the approach to the Parnell estate. Information leading to the arrest of these outlaws will rewarded as above by EDWARD SLEVIN, Manager.

EDWARD SLEVIN, Manager.

Not one of the 5000 population of Bardentown had up to last midnight earned that \$20. The only police execut ve in the place is a Marshal, advanced in years, and decorated with a badge which bears in Lavin the diplomatic axiom: "Discretion is the better part of velor." As the Parnell estate l'es about half a mile out of the "city limits," and beyond the Marshal, is jurisdiction, popular sentiment is in favor of allowing Manager Slevin to earn his own \$20. Thoroughly convinced of this, Mr. Slevin has located spring guns in bidden places, and carries a deadly weapon in his pocket and a terrible intention in his mind.

The estate comprises 2 5 acres of the scheme forms and a terrible intention in his mind.

The estate comprises 2 5 acres of the scheme forms and a terrible intention in his mind.

The estate comprises 2 5 acres of the scheme forms and forms are in the form at the place would be in ruins long avo.

SUGGS PLIMBING enced or otherwise, the principal part of her property. There is a mort gage upon it, but not for a quarter of its value. The expenditure of a few thousand dollars would transform it into a veritable paradise. Its location is unsurpassed for beauty of environs and facilities of access. But for the activity and aggressive character of Sievin the place would be in ruins long avo.

SUGGS PLIMBING enced or otherwise.

It contains its to newspapers and estimates or the cost of advertising. The adverties who want to spend one collar, find an init the information here with the place is a mort gage upon it, but not for a quarter of its value. The expenditure of a few thousand dollars would transform it into a veritable paradise. Its location is scheme it indicated which will most his every requirement, or can be made ther will. This estate is a the principal part of her property. There is a mort of a few thousand dollars and in the diplomatic paradise. Its location is scheme it indicated which will not never a paradise. Its location is scheme it indicated which will not neve The estate comprises 2 5 acres of the

richest farming land and the most picturesque pices of forest in the country. It stretches castward over the bills from the banks of the Raritan river at its widest part. A mile to the north the river receives the mule power commerce of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, that runs through a half dezen locks into Trenton, about ten miles away. The homestead itself stands upon a high bluff, around the base of which coils the single track of the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania railroad. A hundred high and ancient trace cak ash hemicely and alm hide

Amboy division of the Pennsylvania railroad. A hundred high and ancient trees, cak, ash, hemlock and elm, hide with their overarching branches the two story and a tic frame house, that, uninhabited and yet richly furnished, faces the broad, sunlit surface of the Raritan river.

A sandy lane, at right angles with the highway, runs for an eighth of a mile westward, and stops at the great swinging gate which offers entrance to one end of a wide, well kept carriage way of semi-circular form that leads to and away from the reer plazas of "Old Ironsided." Parterres of luxuriant firwering plants spangle the grees, woodland mesdowed lawn on every side, and the view to the eastward includes the broken horison of hill summir, patches of ripening grain, yellow and billowy, and dark stretches of woodland, intersected by weary looking roads of red New Jersey soil.

over the rear piezza of the homestead is built a large conservatory with
walls of glass, that holds now only a

TADDYTADE

TADDYTADE casti. The windows in the peaked roof and in the weather-whitened walls are all closed with wooden shutters. No spirals of blue smoke curi up from the chimneys, no footsteps disturb the dust deposit of years, no voices swaken the echose that want out of existence exactly four years

On August 20, 1882, Miss Fannie Parnell died in the big northwestern chamber up stairs. She was a poet-ce, and if the life-size oil portra that rests upon an easel in the deserted drawing room down stairs, is faithful to her features (and the neighbors say to her features (and the neighbors say it is), she was a very beautiful young woman of about 27 yers, with great brown eyes, small red lips and an expression of quiet dignity. She dled of consumption. Since that day her mother, Mrs. Delia Parnell, has never lived for any length of time in the house of the old commodore, her father. Beautifully situated, ss it is, roomy and homelike, the mother of the most successful stat sman of Ir. he most successful stateman of Ireland today prefers the hurly-burly of the city to the repore of 'Old Iron-

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Parnell shares the superstitions dread of the old house that the neighbors evince. Not one of the practical farmess or their ever busy wives would sleep one night in the house for any consideration. Yet there are no evi-dences of ghostly visitation to be found within. The lofty, frescoed rooms on the first floor are all carpeted with flowered Brussels and an occasional flawered Brussels, and an occasional Turkish rug gives an air of luxnry to the interior. The furniture is mahog-any and is made in the styles of an entire century. The dining room opens directly on the front plaza and its windows overlook the broad plateau and glimpses of the river can be caught between the trunks of venerable trees.

The library is entered through The library is entered through an aresale to the south of the dining room. Here are antiquated bookcases with diamond shaped panes of glass protecting from the dust several hundred books of very diverse character. The books of John Adams, in handsome leather binding, stand side by side with Mark Twain's light and are skalebas of the humorous features. airy sketches of the humorous features of travel and domestic life. All the mere cost'y books have been removed, however, to Mrs. Parnell's city home. Over the antique stone fireplace is hurg a war painting of the gloomy tints that betray the brush of an old

There are very many family tokens of Charles Stewart Parnell's boyhood. The old sun dial on the bluff over the river, which awakened his thirst for scientific mysteries, is still there. Some of the books in the library bear Some of the books in the horary bear his sutograph and margin quotations, and in the attic are a few old fash-ioned tops and an old velocipeds that are said to have been his property. The father of St. Clair McKelway, editor in chief of the Bro klya Eagle,

Landlord—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Any skeeters boat the place?

Landlord—Not a mosquite within forty miles.

Stranger—Well, Pm sarry, Pve ilived in New Jarsey nigh on to sirry year, an' the hum of a skeeter is mused to it in use, by Endid lying the mill ens and rippling in the soft with along 'thout home comforts. Good with along 'thout home comforts. Good with along the the famons article itself, is in almost every-body's month. The people know that it preserves as well as beautifies the teath. Hence it is the standard Tooth Wash of the period.

Landlord—Yes, sir.

Stranger—Any skeeters is well to blace?

Landlord—Not a mosquite within forty miles.

Stranger—Any skeeters boat the glitor in chief of the Bro klyn Engle, was the family physician for Commodore Steward, and Mr. McKelway himself remembers the days long past when young Parnell and himself were boys tog ther. Charles Stewart could fight his way even in those days.

Cutious bric-a-brace and fabrics from its male fingers, old portraits, little carve i bracelets supporting souvening of foreign travel, festoons of elephant tusks and the stins of wild tropical snimals, old a bams filled with the faces of dear triends and the sutographs of men and women known and unknown to history; in fact, every species of domestic treasure, some of intrinsic value and some priceless from old associations, fill the old homestead and all these things are protected from

vandal bends partly by the belief that the house is haunted and partly by the prowess of Edward Slevin.

This "care taker" is an Irishman of middle age and a bachelor. Honesty and patriotism are the only emotions that his heart can feel. He is the only man in Bordentown who dares to sleep in "O'd Ironsider." He takes his meals at the house of a farmer in his employ and associates with no-one except when business demands it. He bears the reputation of being a tough customer to interfere with, and his de-votion to Mrs. Parnell is shown by the admirably thrifty condition of her estate. The house barn is filled with hay and grain, the fields are fully cultivated and the fances are kept in per-

fect repair. Mrs. Parnell wrote to her manager just before she left for Chic-go last week that on her return she might reg: for a few days at the old homestead. Slevin is therefore making great preparations for so unusual a visitation. It was nearly a year ago when the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell last came to Ironsides. She remained eight days, and memories were too op-pressive for a longer stay in the ico-lated house. She is 72 years old, and Slevin says he can notice berincressed feebleness every time he sees her. He

has been in her employ many years.

The Star published the fact about a month ago that Mrs. Parnell has made her will. This estate is the principal part of her property. There is a mortgage upon it, but not for a quarter of its value. The expenditure of a few thousand dollars would transform it



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